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PRICE TEN CENTS.



"WE WON'T DO A THING TO IT!"



### TIME'S CHANGE.



UNDER A spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stood;  
The smith was made of iron bands,  
The tree was made of wood.

A haggard look the smithy wore,  
The smith a haggard smile,  
As with his right hand, long and gaunt,  
He pointed many a mile.

A rider, coming from afar,  
Said: "Fifty years have gone  
Since first I stopped at this old spot  
To have a tire put on."

The sign read: "Lo! for many years  
I labored at my best.  
You want your blamed old tire put on?  
Go seek a Wheelman's Rest."

He saw the smithy old and lone,  
The smith so gray and dumb,  
From his right hand a sign had dropped,  
It told what had become.

"Too old am I to change my gait,  
But further on a lubber  
Will fix your wheel with gum and stuff;  
I can not deal in rubber!"

J. J. M.

### IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

STRANGER.—Is this a festival day?

RESIDENT.—That's what, O Stranger! To-day the Sultan has not promised any reforms, and the people are celebrating the event.

### A DISTINCTION.

SHE.—Then a "tariff-tinker" is a man who wants to make changes in the tariff?

HE.—Yes; — that is, changes which we oppose. If he wanted to make the changes which we advocate, he'd be a statesman.

### SO GOES THE WAR.

HENRIQUES.—I read that a Spanish gunboat nearly sank a filibuster launch with six men in it, the other day.

OTTINGER.—Yes; — and eight New York papers claim to have had special correspondents in it!

### IN HAVANA.

FIRST CITIZEN.—They say General Weyler is coming back to Havana.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Yes. I hear the insurgents would n't let him cross the trocha.

### A SAFE RETREAT.

FIRST OFFICESEEKER.—I saw in a paper that an Italian had invented a contrivance by which he can remain under water eighteen days at a time. He is bringing it to this country.

SECOND OFFICESEEKER.—That so? Well, see here, we've got to see McKinley before that fellow does!

WHEN SOME people have the approval of their conscience, the still, small voice becomes so loud that people in the neighborhood can hear it.



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### A SCHEME.

ALGY.—Suppose you buy stocks, Cholly, and I sell them at the same time.

CHOLLY.—Aw—yes?

ALGY.—One of us would make money, doncherknow, and we could divide the profits.

### WE KNOW WHAT THEY WANT.

JONES.—What is the idea of giving the protected manufacturers a hearing in Washington? Is it to see what they want?

JENKINS.—No; — to see what they'll take. They want the earth.

### ANOTHER NAME FOR IT.

HE.—Did you know Calloway's parents lived in Philadelphia?

SHE.—No. I thought they were dead.

HE.—Not dead, but sleeping.

### HIS DEDUCTION.

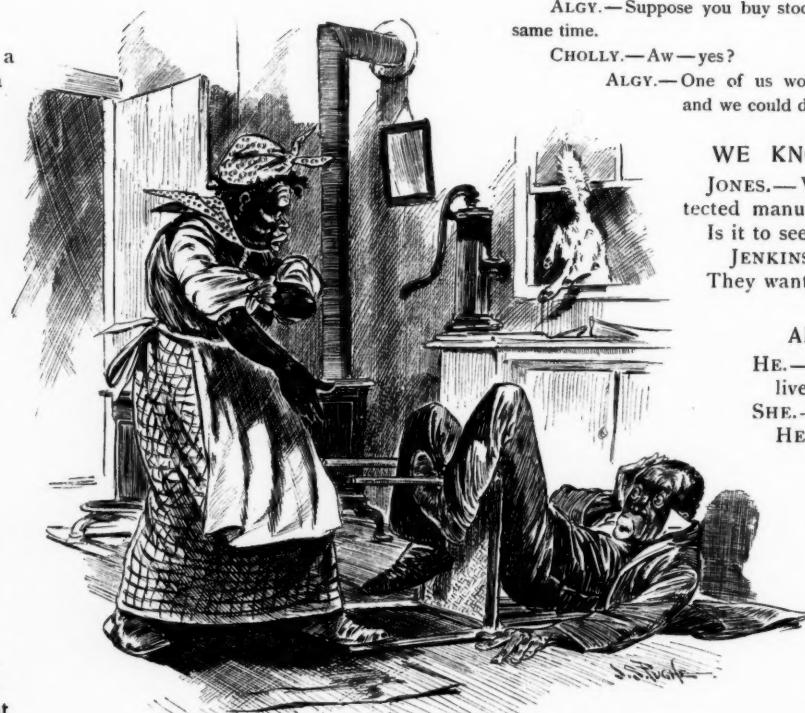
LITTLE WILLY.—Pa?

FATHER.—Well, my son?

WILLY.—Pa, if it is true, as Secretary Herbert declares, that the battleship "Texas" is all right, what is the matter with the rest of the ships in the navy that they won't sink?

THE SUREST thing about first love is that it is not likely to be the last.

ALL THE world 's a stage, and many of the comedians are sent to Congress.



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### HE CRAWLED.

MRS. NEWLYWED JACKSON.—Wha' dat, niggah? Yo' say yo' on'y married me bekase yo' did n't know any better?

MR. NEWLYWED JACKSON.—Bekase I did n't know any bettah girl, mah deah—calkerlatid to make home happy, an' all dat! Wha' kain't yo' wait till youah devoted husban' gits froo wiv his sentence?



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JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

MR. CITILY (*visiting the Isolates, at Lonelyville*).—Hello! loading shells for us to go duck-hunting?  
MR. ISOLATE (*indifferently*).—No; I'm only filling this week's quinine capsules.

HARD LUCK.

CASTLETON.—I ordered some flowers sent to Miss Redbud, and I'll be hanged if the fellow did n't send them C. O. D.

TUTTER.—Pew! Did she pay for them?

CASTLETON.—That's the trouble! She did; and now I've got to pay her.

THE PROOF AND PITY O' IT.

"Men never outgrow their childhood."

"Alas, no! Experience begins spanking us even before our parents leave off."

NOT USED TO IT.

DORA.—I've been trying to learn to paint on china.

CORA.—Don't you find it difficult to accustom yourself to such a hard surface?

WELL PLEASED.

DR. PROBE.—What you need is a change of climate.

SLIMMER.—Good! I was afraid you would want me to leave New York.

HAPPINESS CONSISTS largely in forgetting the things you can't have.

MODERN.

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SERVANT.—Yes, sir, Miss de Sickels is in, and she said as if you called to go right upstairs. She is taking her lessons.



CHARLEY MUSH (*the accepted one*).—Ah! the deah cweature! She knows I want to be with her as much as possible. Some dainty, needle-work lessons, I suppose. I can fancy her dainty, lily-white fingers at play with the silken threads. I will walk right in and surprise her.



MISS DE SICKELS.—Ah! it is you, Charley? Just sit down. I will be through in a few moments. Now, Professor, just give me that right-hand swing-and-shoulder jolt movement again!



TAWN TATTERS.—Fer heaven's sake, Weary! wot is dem t'ings on yer feets? You is gettin' foolish.

WEARY WALKER.—Jes' wait till dis 'ere waggin comes along.



WEARY WALKER.—I may be foolish, but dis is a derned sight better 'n walkin', dis kind o' wedder!

## FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.

**I**N THE obituary of the late Levi Pritchett, which was published in the last issue of this paper, appeared this line: "He had lived twenty-seven years with his wife, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

We were not intimately acquainted with the deceased, and when we penned those words we did so in the belief that they were neat and chaste and would be accepted, by all parties interested, as a tribute of respect to both the departed and to his estimable wife who survives him. But certain circumstances, among which was the call which Mrs. Pritchett and her stalwart brother made on us soon after the appearance of the paper, led us to believe that our well-meant attempt to give the deceased a flattering send-off and pour balm on the wounded heart of the one he left behind had been open to misconstruction.

We, therefore, take this opportunity to rectify the matter, and refute the charge that we were trying to indulge in invidious insinuations, by saying that, so far as we know, the late Mr. Pritchett did not "die in the confident hope of a better life."

Tom P. Morgan.

## THE POINT OF VIEW.

"Excelsior!" cried Youth.  
"Stuff!" sneered Age.

## HIS DESIRE.

OLD FLINT (*savagely*).—So you want to become my son-in-law, young man?

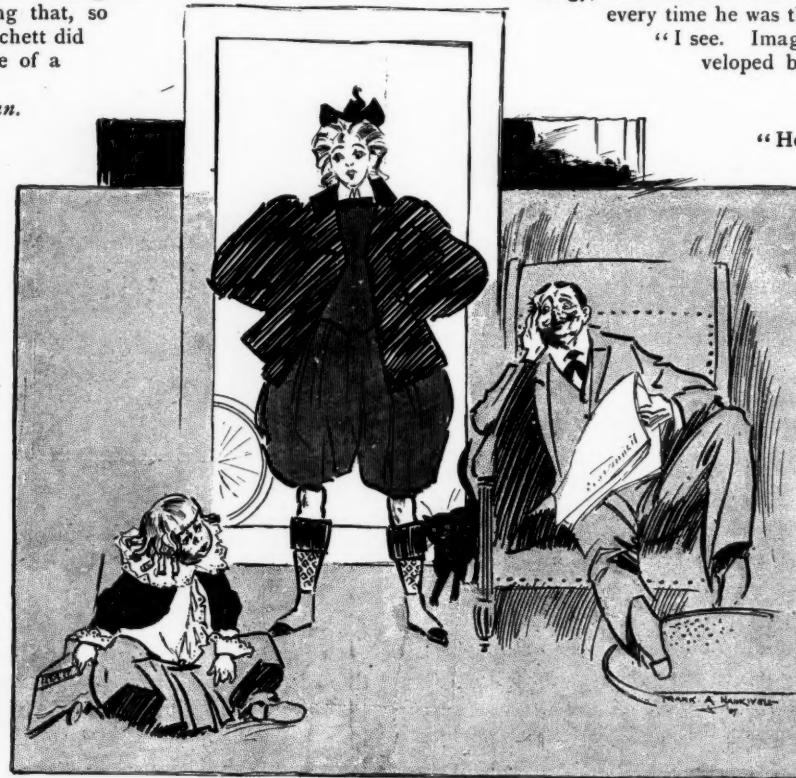
YOUNG SWIFT (*promptly*).—No; I merely want to marry your daughter.

## PRICE.

There was a distinct flutter in the curio hall when the \$10,000 Beauty entered and took her seat.

"War prices!" hissed the Circassian Princess, under her breath.

"THIS WORLD is but a fleeting show," and "all the men and women merely players," but the Great Door-keeper does not "recognize the profesh," and none get through without paying.



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## LOOKING FORWARD.

THE CHILD.—Papa, when I grow up, will I wear trousers like Mama, or like you?

## HE KNEW.

TEACHER.—What animal attaches himself to man the most?

JOHNNY THICKED.—The — er — er — bulldog, Ma'am.

## CUPID'S TRUST.

She was a peach, so he declared,  
He was the apple of her eye;  
Soon by the parson they were pared,  
And wedding-bells then peeled on high.

## JUST THE THING FOR HIM.

"Antæus? He was the wrestler, in mythology, who received fresh strength every time he was thrown to the earth."

"I see. Imagine the strength he could have developed by learning to ride a wheel."

## ELEVATED.

"He was a singular man. He actually could feel a true, elevating love for three women at once!"

"Yes; I've heard it sent him up!"

## PRECAUTION.

She says not a bit of pin-money  
Does he ever give to her,  
Except when she can't spend it.  
Safety-pin-money, as 't were.

WHEN SOME people do wrong, they waste a lot of time in trying to convince themselves that it is n't wrong.

## AN EAVESDROPPER — The icicle.

SOME MEN have greatness thrust upon them, but they think they achieved it.

TOM BARRY.—Now, there was what I call "color" to that story of his.

PENELOPE.—Yes — a pronounced chestnut.

PUCK.

MISS SOPHRONIA'S TRAGIC CURE.



He treated me for mumps, did the blessed Dr. Stumps,  
He treated me for measles when my soul was in the dumps;  
And without a shade of question he improved my indigestion —  
Oh! a therapeutic wonder was the blessed Dr. Stumps!

But when my mumps had fled then I had an aching head,  
And when my head was cured I had lung-complaint, instead;  
Then he clinched with my bronchitis, then he treated my gastritis —  
And now that blessed doctor — he has left me — he is dead!

When he used to come and say, "Ah! you have the chills to-day!"  
Or, "You have a touch of fever," I was frolicsome and gay;  
When he told me, "Miss Sophronia, you are suffering with pneumonia,"  
I rejoiced with great rejoicing at the words he used to say.

For he'd sit and sympathize with compassion in his eyes,  
And he'd talk about my symptoms and he'd look superbly wise;  
Then he'd give me learned theses on the treatment of diseases,  
And number all the catalogue of all my agonies.

While the long years rolled away I was very sick and gay,  
I was very ill and happy, gladly wasting in decay;  
But when Dr. Stumps departed, Dr. Myers, iron-hearted,  
Came and cured me in a fortnight — and I'm sad and well to-day.

Now I have no blessed ease that accompanies disease, —  
What is there in life to cheer me? What is there in life to please?  
Now I have no blessed theses on my symptoms and diseases —  
If I must continue healthy let me die and find release.

Sam Walter Foss.



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HIS PRINCIPAL DESIRE.

MRS. FLYNN.—They do say that marriages are made in heaven.

MR. FLYNN.—Yis; — that's the principal raison Oi want to go there. Oi want t' git a crack at the shpaldeen that made moine!

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

BROWN.—Ever meet Brainley, the professor of political economy at Yalevard? He was discoursing learnedly the other night on the difference between "intrinsic value" and "market value."

ROBINSON.—Oh, yes! He knows all about that, but he never buys anything without getting stuck.



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HETERODOXICAL.

STAGE MANAGER (savagely).—What's that row going on at the stage-door, anyway?

MISS VEREVERE.—Oh! it's only Tottie Toetrip's two angels fighting again.

AN IMPORTANT QUALIFICATION.

BOSTWICK.—Miss Flipjacks is a very capable society journalist, I believe?

HENDERSHOT.—Yes, indeed! She can get the word "function" half a dozen times into a short paragraph.

INVESTIGATING.

MAMA.—Of course you will find out how that young man is fixed before you give your consent.

PAPA.—Sure! I am to have a talk with his assignee to-morrow.

LONELYVILLE EXPEDIENCY.

MR. HERMITAGE (of Lonelyville).—How did the dance in the school-house come off last night?

MR. ISOLATE (of ditto, enthusiastically).—Oh! the hot-water heater pipes had burst, flooding the hall in the morning, so we changed the dance to a skating carnival, instead!



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A SURE THING.

FIRST BURGLAR.—Say, do ye know where dey keeps der swag, Frogsey?

SECOND BURGLAR (complacently).—Nit! But ef we don't find it, de mornin' papers 'll tell where it was an' how we jus' missed it, an' we kin come round to-morrer night an' swipe de whole caboodle!

## UNLOOKED-FOR PATERNAL ASSISTANCE.

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THE LOVER.—Confound it all! I have been waiting here for over an hour to get a chance to kiss that girl and the old man will not go away.



THE LOVER.—O Great Gods of Love! I believe he is going to sit down;—and when he once sits down he does n't move for hours!



THE LOVER.—What luck! Darling!

## A YOUTHFUL SOLOMON.

**D**EAR ME!" ejaculated the able editor of the *Ruralville Bazoo*, knitting his thoughtful brow fretfully. "What remarkable questions some of our correspondents do ask, to be sure! It is bad enough to be called upon to tell how much of a snake is body and how much is tail, and what is the best brain food for an aspiring young poet, and whether if one's uncle had not been his uncle, he would not have been his aunt, and if it foretells a cold Winter when the dog's bark is thickest on the north side of the house, and if subterfuge will answer the same purpose as febrifuge, and how to preserve amenities so that they will keep all Winter, and how to cure a calf which stutters



HER PAPA.—Excuse me, young man! No harm done, I hope?

THE LOVER.—Not at all! Quite the reverse! Thanks!

so badly when he bellows that his own mother does n't recognize him, and how to utilize a job lot of surplus post-holes, and how to make a bootjack that will actually jack a boot every time, without fail, and how to prevent 'that full feeling' after drinking lavishly of hard cider, and how much A and B must use off from a given grindstone in order to bilk C out of his rightful share, and when pantalets are going to come in fashion again, and so forth and so on — it is bad enough to have to impoverish one's gray matter to answer such questions; but now comes old 'Constant Reader' and wants to know what a farmer can raise and always be sure to have a crop?"

"Hoo! That's easy!" returned the high-browed

young office boy, whose burning ambition was to some day be an editor. "Tell him to raise chickens."

Tom P. Morgan.

## NO ROAST BEEF.

Though she took a course at college,  
Those who know her now assert  
At the glorious feast of knowledge  
She has merely sipped dessert.



## COLD HOSPITALITY.

LANDLORD.—I notice  
you broke the mirror in your  
room last night.

GUEST.—Yes; it was as cold as Greenland in that room you put me in, and this morning when I used the looking-glass to comb my hair, I'll be blamed if my reflection did n't freeze to the glass. When I pulled loose it broke the glass.

## COOKERY.

Our womenkind in school have learned  
To cook (now, does n't it strike  
You thus?) dishes we in turn must go  
To school to learn to like.

## HIS VIEW.

MAMA.—I believe the Smiths are very much disappointed because the baby is a girl. They have no boy, you know.

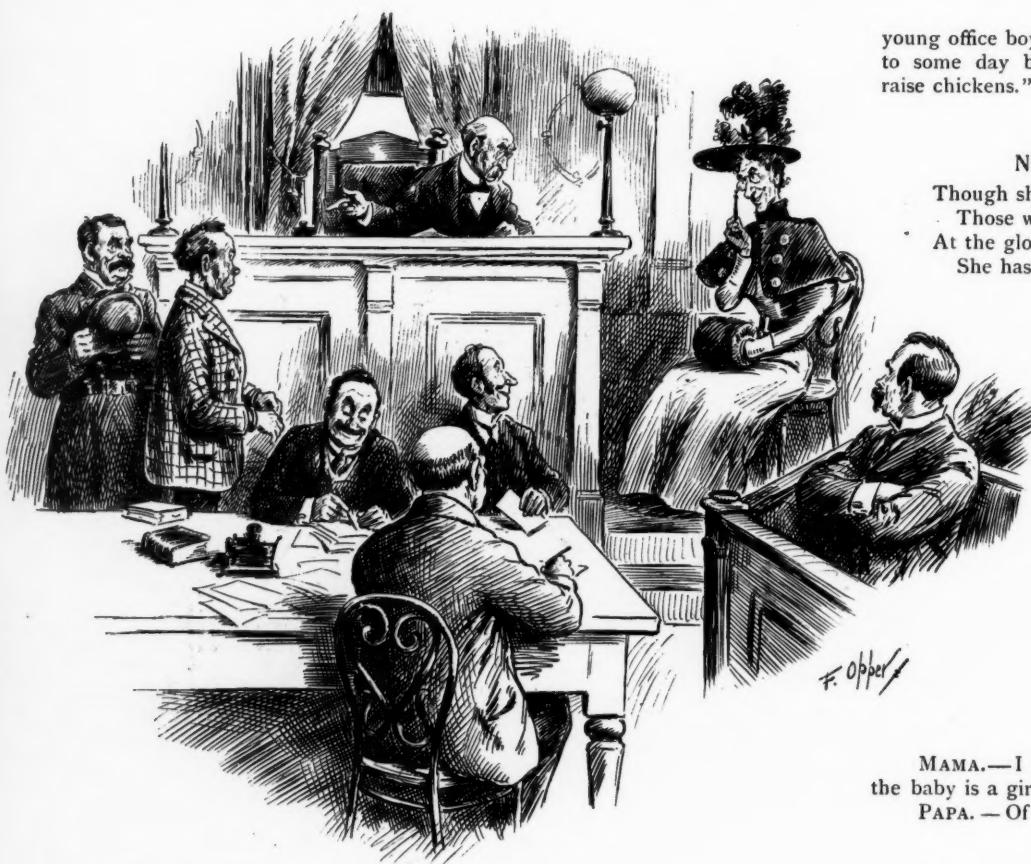
PAPA.—Of course not. You don't suppose they'd want two?

## PERCEPTEBLE.

THE OSSIFIED MAN.—Say, there's a draft around here somewhere.  
ATTENDANT.—What makes you think so?  
THE OSSIFIED MAN.—I feel it in my bones.

## AN INQUIRY.

SHE.—I heard he was an English nobleman traveling incognito.  
HE.—Indeed? Is he trying to elude his creditors?



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## WHY SHE WAS SURE.

JUDGE.—Are you positive that this is the man you discovered hiding under your bed?

MISS OLEMAID.—He! He! Oh! yes, your Honor!

JUDGE.—What reason can you give for being so certain of his identity?

MISS OLEMAID.—Because, your Honor, I took a good long look at him.

## PUCK.



### PUCK.

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### CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"AFTER-DINNER" **W**E HAVE a class of patriots in this country who aim to show their value by declaring

our readiness to fight any other nation on earth. They pose as jealous guardians of the national honor, ever alert for some insult to the flag which they may fittingly resent in a few well-chosen remarks. If it happens to be a poor season for insults and there is nothing tangible to resent, they busy themselves in telling what they would do if only there were something to resent. As the past year has been sadly barren of national affronts, these defenders of our sacred liberties have been much distressed for something to fume about. To them, like manna from heaven, came the treaty for arbitration between this country and Great Britain. It is true that Britain's part in this affair has not been precisely in the nature of hostile aggression. She has refrained from putting any very grievous insult upon us; she has sent no battle ships to frown at us, she has made no alarming threats nor menaced us with any considerable body of troops; and, in truth, the negotiations thus far have been made pleasant with something suspiciously like good-feeling on both sides. All which, considering that the treaty looks to the better keeping of peace between the two countries, is not amazing. But the brand of patriot under discussion is hotly indignant that even a peace-treaty should be concluded without a few threats and some hard feeling. He shines brightest at a public dinner where the social law holds his audience from flight. By the time he has fought his way down the menu to coffee his patriotism is white-hot. At the first opening he is on his feet to make it known that the dear old flag has at least one defender left. The rest of his countrymen may be scoundrels and traitors; they may prefer to wallow ignobly in peace. But he will talk war until the end has been taken out of the last bottle and the lights are put out.

Here, for example, is Senator Hawley of Connecticut, talking at a dinner of the Ohio Society in New York City. He is full of shrimp-

#### AFTER THE INAUGURATION.

**E**'LL HAVE schedules on the brain  
Seasoned with the old refrain  
That the foreigner's the one who pays the tax.  
We will hear protection gags  
With their logic worn to rags  
By party hacks.  
Soon the lobby will awake  
For the dear old tariff's sake,  
And the duties on our imports will be high;  
All the magnates with a pull  
Will talk madly about wool—  
And you know why.

#### IN WASHINGTON.

RESIDENT.—The Senate is in executive session.  
VISITOR.—Ah! Going to stop talking and do something?  
RESIDENT.—Oh, no! Just going to have a quiet talk where the public can't disturb them.

#### IN SOUTH AMERICA.

TOURIST.—You say the masses of your people are discontented?  
NATIVE.—Alas! Señor, most of us have never been President.

#### GREAT VICTORIES.

"Yes; I am still winning battles—"  
General Weyler looked at the interviewer, fiercely, as he made this statement.  
"—with my strong write arm."

patries and patriotism and other things that Ohioans find good. He is likewise a fretting volcano of wrath. He first rips the Anglo-American treaty up the back, for the reason, seemingly, that it promises to spoil a number of beautiful openings for fights. And then, to show his stern sense of right he goes on:

"But I am going to vote for the treaty. It is a good thing and a civilized thing to do."

Now, when a Jingo betrays a leaning toward civilization, it would seem, he must offer something plausible in excuse or extenuation, or be disgraced in the eyes of his kind. As an apology for doing this good and civilized thing, therefore, he adds, appealingly:

"And it is only for five years, anyway."

Of course, it is not so debasing to do a good and civilized thing when it is to operate only for five years. Had it been for fifteen years, or ten, or seven-and-a-half, we may assume that Senator Hawley would not have been tempted from the path of orthodox Jingoism. But, lest he be considered, after all, a craven truckler to goodness and civilization, our orator concludes:

"But I say (and mark my words) that if there be any wrong, any serious insult put upon our nation and our flag, the American people will fight, be there treaty or be there no treaty!"

Dear! Dear! Yes! Of course, we will. We don't know a nation that would n't. But at a time when things are especially decent and amicable, why blow about it? Senator Hawley was more discriminating than he knew when he told his hearers to mark his words. They deserve to be marked. We should say that he has raised the record for asininity considerably above any other yet made by this particular school of patriots.

Silly though it is, the view is held by several other of our Senators that concessions lurk in this treaty which may debar the United States from defending itself in case of foreign aggression. Senator Chandler has been diligently regilding his reputation as a public nuisance by contending that under its terms we would "have to arbitrate the Monroe doctrine," and several of his colleagues express grave fears that to ratify it would be to "sign away our national independence." It is important that the main body of the Senate should take this talk at its true worth, and realize that the very evident sentiment of the people favors the treaty emphatically. Intrinsically the treaty is nothing more than an advertisement of our fair intentions. Not only may we refuse to abide by any decision under it which we consider unjust; but we may withdraw the advertisement when we choose. But it is, as Senator Hawley has discovered, "a good and civilized thing." It is an assurance against a hasty or excuseless war, and it would end those harmful rumors of war which form the sole capital of little public men like Chandler. It is the most important treaty of the century because, more than any other, it attests the possibility of settling international disputes without the killing of men. It is an honest and intelligent effort to safeguard against the horrors of war. It is civilization against barbarism. No sensible man will contend that the treaty anywhere imposes a surrender of any right or sovereignty; and no Senator of true patriotism will for a moment oppose its ratification.



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#### IN CHICAGO.

DEALER.—Dere is a imitation tiament fer seventy-five cends vot look choost like der chenuine.  
CUSTOMER.—Nobody would take that for genuine.  
DEALER.—Vot? Mein frendt, a man vos sandbagged last night fer wearin' vun choost like dot!

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## WILL THE TROJAN HORSE TRICK WORK?

INTREPID ATTEMPT OF THE PROTECTIONISTS TO CAPTURE THE CAPITOL.



PUCK.

## EQUAL TO EMERGENCIES.

'T was night, — I met her face to face, —  
No gas jet lit that blessed stair;  
Of course we had to light the place,  
And so we made a match right there.

## THE POLITE TICKET AGENT.

WENT UP to the ticket window at the railway station with fear and trembling, for I had experienced several experiences with the haughty men who inhabit the little rooms so securely fenced from the common herd of humanity.

"Sir," said I, "would you please tell me when the next train leaves for Perkiomen?"

The ticket seller turned to me in gladsome smiles and replied, in sweet tones:

"Perkiomen, did you say, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am afraid I am not familiar with a station of that name, sir," he said, in an exceedingly pleasant tone of voice. "I am afraid it is not on our line. Do you know where the place is located, sir?"

"It is in Pennsylvania."

"Then it is as I feared, sir. It is not on our line. I am sorry you can not start from this station, and so save yourself the trouble of a journey across the city, sir."

"Don't mention it," said I, deeply impressed by his gentlemanly bearing and polite manner. "I am sorry to have troubled you."

"It is no trouble, sir, I assure you," he said, in reply to my apologetic remark. "If you will wait a minute I will look up Perkiomen for you, and give you the required information, which may save you many unnecessary steps, and permit you to catch a train which otherwise you might miss."

"You are very kind, indeed, sir," replied I, as the young man took down a bulky railroad guide and found Perkiomen in the index. Then he turned to the body of the book and found the time-table of the road, making a little memoranda as he went, with a lead-pencil on a piece of paper.

"Here, sir," he said, at length, "are complete directions for you. You have almost an hour to catch your train, which is ample if you follow my instructions, for you have only to go to 'Steenth Street, and there take the ferry, which will place you in the station from which the Perkiomen train leaves."

I picked up the penciled memorandum and thanked him, vastly wondering at his efforts to serve a passenger of another railroad line, when I heard the gong ring for a train which was about to leave the station, and —

I awoke. The alarm-clock had gone off. It was time I was up and dressing.

William Henry Siviter.

## FOND RECOLLECTIONS.

BROWN.—Jones does n't forget his Alma Mater.

ROBINSON.—He does n't, eh?

BROWN.—No, indeed! He's trying to teach his baby the college yell.

## INSTRUCTION.

JIMMY.—An' what is a champseen pugilist?

TOMMY.—One of dem what don't do no more fightin'.

## THE ACCEPTED TIME.

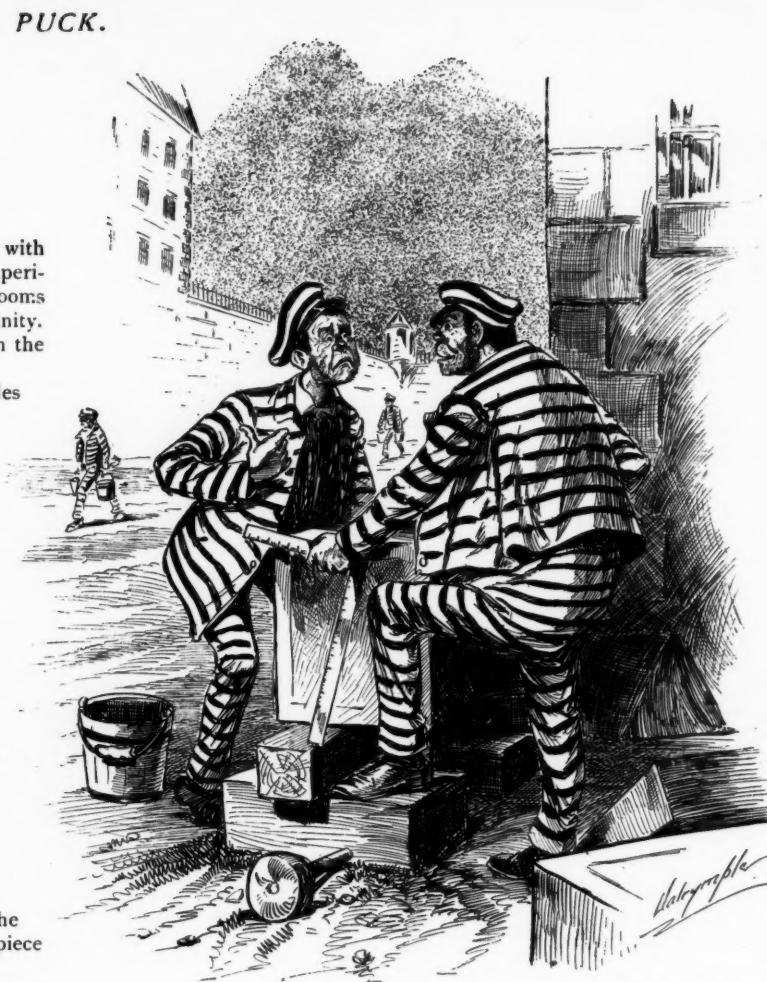
EVA COY.—What is the marriageable age?

MISS THIRTYSMITH.—Anywhere between the seminary and the cemetery.

## EVOLUTION.

HIS WIFE.—And you are to defend that shoplifter?

THE LAWYER.—My dear, she is n't a shoplifter. She was, formerly; but she has saved so much money in the last ten years that she has become a kleptomaniac.



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## A POLITE OFFICIAL.

BILL THE BURGLAR.—De warden 'f dis pen'tentiary ain't goin' a bit 'f feelin'. I told him dis mornin' dat dis wuz de tenth anniversary of de day I came in here.

PETEY, THE PICKPOCKET.—Wot did he say?  
BILL, THE BURGLAR.—He wished me many happy returns 'f de day.

## TWO VIEWS.

RUTH.—She is to be married next month and she will live abroad.

MAY.—It will be hard for her parents to lose her.

RUTH.—Oh! I don't know. They've been trying hard to lose her for the last ten years.

## A PLAN OF ACTION.

AUTHOR.—This critic accuses me of plagiarism.

FRIEND.—If I were you I'd reply to that. I can show you that he has plagiarized that charge from another critic.

## A PREMATURE DEMAND.

THE FOOTPAD.—Yer money or yer life!

THE COUNT.—But — but, sair, I shall not married be until ze next month.

## ONCE, AT LEAST.

"Women are seldom good listeners."

"Unless you are making a proposal."

THE SELF-MADE man is always particularly proud of his vocal equipment.



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## IN SOCIETY.

DRUSILLA.—I did not see you at the Vanblunt reception last night, dear.

DOROTHY.—No; — I hoped to be able to go, up to the last moment, but was prevented.

DRUSILLA (sweetly).—Yes; I know the invitations were limited.

# FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT

# NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

JOHN A. McCALL, ----- PRESIDENT.

## BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1st, 1897.

### ASSETS.

United States Bonds (\$10,515,766) and State, City, County and other Bonds (\$98,262,767); cost of all, \$103,865,862; market value . . . . .	\$108,778,533
Bonds and Mortgages (908 first liens) . . . . .	37,509,910
Real Estate (92 pieces, including twelve office buildings) . . . . .	16,852,400
Policy-holders' loans and liens on their policies, held as security, (legal reserve thereon, \$9,500,000) . . . . .	5,972,778
Deposits in Trust Companies and banks, at interest . . . . .	5,401,000
Stocks of Banks, Trust Companies, etc. (\$3,704,730, cost value), market value, December 31st, 1896 . . . . .	4,668,835
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in liabilities . . . . .	2,582,878
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums not yet due, reserve charged in liabilities . . . . .	1,980,529
Interest and rents due and accrued . . . . .	1,422,730
Premium Notes on policies in force (reserve charged in liabilities, \$2,500,000) . . . . .	1,028,613
Loans on stocks and bonds (market value, \$1,352,403) . . . . .	984,200
Total . . . . .	\$187,176,406

### LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (per attached certificate of New York Insurance Department) . . . . .	\$158,115,938
All other Liabilities: Policy claims in process of payment, extra reserve voluntarily held, annuities and endowments awaiting settlement, Surplus (per attached certificate Insurance Superintendent), December 31st, 1896 . . . . .	2,878,472
Total . . . . .	\$26,681,996

### CASH INCOME, 1896.

Premiums on new insurances (\$121,564,987) . . . . .	\$4,752,934
"    "    " annuities . . . . .	1,263,324
Total new premiums . . . . .	\$6,016,258
Renewal Premiums . . . . .	25,121,818
<b>TOTAL PREMIUMS</b> . . . . .	<b>\$31,138,076</b>
Interest, etc . . . . .	7,298,862
Rents . . . . .	702,620
Total . . . . .	\$39,139,558

### EXPENDITURES, 1896.

Paid for losses, endowments and annuities . . . . .	\$18,310,766
Paid for dividends and surrender values . . . . .	5,172,855
Commissions on new business of \$121,564,987, medical examiners' fees, and inspection of risks . . . . .	3,099,036
Home and branch office expenses, taxes, advertising, equipment account, telegraph, postage, commissions on \$705,251,661 of old business, and miscellaneous expenditures . . . . .	4,816,298
Balance—Excess of Income over Expenditures for year . . . . .	12,740,603
Total . . . . .	\$39,139,558

### INSURANCE ACCOUNT,

ON THE BASIS OF PAID-FOR BUSINESS ONLY.

	NUMBER OF POLICIES.	AMOUNT.
In force December 31st, 1895 . . . . .	277,693	\$799,027,329
New Insurances paid for, 1896 . . . . .	54,389	121,564,987
Old Insurances revived, 1896 . . . . .	652	1,830,500
Old Insurances increased, 1896 . . . . .		417,378
<b>TOTALS</b> . . . . .	<b>332,734</b>	<b>\$922,840,194</b>
<b>DEDUCT TERMINATIONS:</b>		
By Death, Maturity, Surrender, Expiry, etc . . . . .	32,949	96,023,546
<b>IN FORCE, DEC. 31st, 1896 . . . . .</b>	<b>299,785</b>	<b>\$826,816,648</b>
Gain in 1896 in the United States . . . . .	32,000	\$34,800,000
New Applications Declined in 1896 . . . . .	7,103	18,684,383

### COMPARISON FOR FIVE YEARS.

(1891-1896.)

	Dec. 31st, 1891.	Dec. 31st, 1896.	Gain in Five Years.
Assets . . . . .	\$125,947,290	\$187,176,406	\$61,229,116
Surplus . . . . .	15,141,023	26,657,332	11,516,309
Income . . . . .	31,854,194	39,139,558	7,285,364
Dividends of Year to Policy-holders . . . . .	1,260,340	2,165,269	904,929
Number of Policy-holders . . . . .	182,803	299,785	116,982
Insurance in force (premiums paid), \$575,689,649	\$826,816,648	\$251,126,999	

### Certificate of Superintendent, State of New York Insurance Department.

I, JAMES F. PIERCE, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of the said Company, outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1896, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at FOUR PER CENT. interest, and I find the net value thereof, on the said 31st day of December, 1896, to be

**\$158,115,938.**

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, from its Annual Statement for Dec. 31st, 1896, filed in this department, the NET SURPLUS TO POLICY-HOLDERS is shown to be

**\$26,681,996**

**\$187,176,406**

after deducting therefrom the NET RESERVE (\$158,115,938) as calculated by this Department, and all other Liabilities (\$2,878,472.00).

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused my official seal to be affixed at the city of Albany, the day and year first above written.

JAMES F. PIERCE, Superintendent of Insurance.

[L. S.]

# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warrooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

**S-O-H-M-E-R.**

**RHEINSTROM BROS.**  
CINCINNATI, O.  
Popular Cocktails



WHISKEY  
MANHATTAN  
MARTINI  
VERMOUTH  
BRANDY  
GIN  
TOM GIN  
CHAMPAGNE

Perfection in Combination,  
Quality, Purity and Brilliance.

For sale by all Leading  
Jobbers and Retailers.

—THE—  
**TRIBUNE BICYCLE**  
Write for Catalogue.  
  
The easiest running wheel  
in the world.  
THE BLACK MFG. CO., Erie, Pa.

**THE IMPROVED BOSTON GARTER**  
Faultless in Construction,  
Self-adjusting,  
Always Easy.  
*Velvet* Our  
Grip  
Cushioned Clasp.  
Button  
holds the Stocking  
Securely. No Slipping,  
Tearing or Unfastening  
in use.  
Be Sure You  
Get the  
Genuine  
Of your Dealer  
or Sample pair, by  
mail. **GEORGE FROST CO.,**  
Cotton 25¢  
Silk 50¢. **BOSTON, MASS.**

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

## A REMINDER.

WINKS.—Hello! Been away?

MINKS.—Only for a day. I ran down to the shore to see how my cottage was faring in the storm. Did you ever see the sea in a storm?

WINKS.—By George! That reminds me. I must hurry into that store before it shuts up. I had nearly forgotten an errand which I promised to do for my wife. —*New York Weekly.*

NOT A POPULAR IMPRESSION.

SHE.—Who invented your college yell?

HE.—Oh, don't degrade it by calling it an invention. Our college yell is an inspiration! —*Roxbury Gazette.*

## Somerset Club



Absolutely  
Pure.  
Very Old.  
Delicious  
Flavor.

## Rye Whiskey.

DISTILLED IN MARYLAND.

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no superior. Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels. Sample bottle sent free upon receipt of 25 cents for express charges.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

## THE REASON OF IT.

"How did you happen to call this place Auburndale, Colonel?"

"Fellow that founded it was named Dale."

"But I don't quite understand."

"Simple enough. Dale was red-headed."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Most people's systems run down once in a while. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters runs them up again. At druggists, grocers and wine merchants.

"I DUNNO which is de wust o' de two," said Uncle Ebenezer; "de man dat t'inks he's too good to be in politics or de man dat's so bad he has ter be put out." —*Washington Star.*

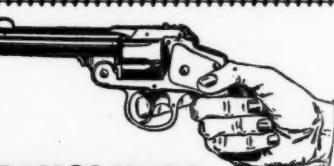
## Looks Like New



A fancy laundryed or Neglige shirt made of Mount Vernon Mills material looks like new even when it gets old. The best cotton, the best weaving, the best colors, combine to make these materials famous everywhere. When buying a fancy shirt for business or outing, always ask if the fabric was made by

## Mount Vernon Mills.

A book on the subject sent for the asking. MOUNT VERNON MILLS, Philadelphia.



## REVOLVERS

not having the best material and workmanship used in their manufacture are not reliable. The SMITH & WESSON REVOLVER is as carefully constructed as a high-class watch, every part being thoroughly tested before used. Send for handsome illustrated catalogue telling you all about them.

SMITH & WESSON, 28 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.



## A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

KEY.—Vot's der shtrangest ting dot effer happenet to you, Fadder?

MR. ISAACS.—A fird dot I hat last year in Delancey Shreet.

KEY.—Vot vas dere shtrange apoud dot?

MR. ISAACS.—I vas n't expeding id.

## Half A MILLION Dollars

To be Given Away in Articles of Real Value to the Users of

## Mail Pouch

SEW & SMOKE **TOBACCO** NICOTINE NEUTRALIZED

One Coupon in each 5 cent Package and Two Coupons in each 10 cent Package. Coupons Give Full Information and List of Valuable Articles. MAIL POUCH TOBACCO is sold by all Dealers. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Valuable Articles with Explanation how to get them. MAILED ON REQUEST. THE BLOCH BROS. TOBACCO CO., WHEELING, WEST VA. No coupons exchanged after July 1, 1897.

THE widow always expects her second husband to live up to the motto on the headstone of her late lamented.—*Adams Freeman.*

## Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!



(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable and are ahead of all others.

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William Street, New York J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia. HOOPER, LEWIS & CO., 8 Milk Street, Boston. A. S. MCCLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. BROWN BROS., Lim., 60 King Street, Toronto.



ASK FOR THE NEW  
**Kalamazoo Ideal**  
WHIST TRAYS

## Duplicate Whist

Simple as the old game with the

## Kalamazoo Whist Trays

USED BY ALL  
LEADING  
WHIST CLUBS

... Ask your STATIONER or  
**IHLING BROS. & EVERARD, KALAMAZOO, MICH.**  
Descriptive Catalogue and Full Information by Mail.

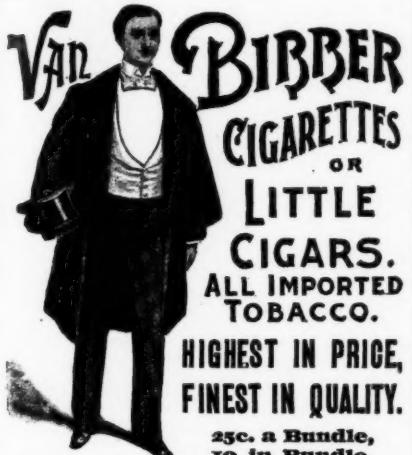
The Kalamazoo Ideal Whist Trays are newest and best of all. Simplest to operate.

Cards easily inserted, securely held, easily removed. Small and neat in appearance. Always ready. Never out of order.

CUSTOMER.—Say, you've left your lather brush in my mouth.

BARBER.—Excuse me, I'm always leaving it in some outlandish place.—Adams Freeman.

PEOPLE in love do lots of making-up without quarreling, and lots of quarreling after marriage without making-up.—Atchison Globe.



Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.  
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.  
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

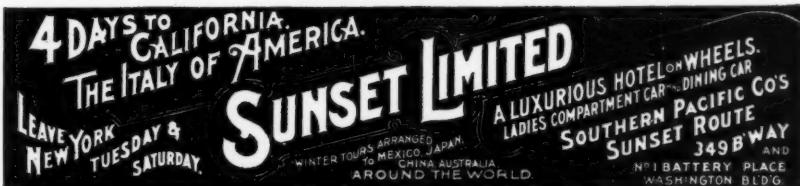
Nine Years Experience has proven it.

They Stand the Racket

PHOENIX BICYCLES

are best of all high grade wheels.  
Our Art Catalogue gives all the good points.  
Sent free.  
Stover Bicycle Mfg. Co., Freeport, Ills.

Now Ready: *Puck's Quarterly*, No. 4. 25 cts.



BOKER'S BITTERS

"An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks."

MODERN JOURNALISM.

NEW MAN.—What shall I say about Mr. Goodman's project?

ABLE EDITOR.—See what the miserable sheet across the way says about it and then take the other side.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.  
"Received the Highest Award for Merit and General Excellency" — World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.

HE.—My motto is, "Always think before you speak."

SHE.—You must find it very hard to carry on an animated conversation.—*Princeton Tiger*.



FASTEST TRAINS IN THE WORLD — ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.



AN INAUSPICIOUS OCCASION.

"Why is it that they failed to observe Thanksgiving at Grumpy's?"  
"Because it happened to fall on his wedding anniversary."—*Detroit Free Press*.

VIN MARIANI  
MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"WHEN FATIGUED AND COMPLETELY WORN OUT, NO REMEDY CAN BE SO THOROUGHLY RELIED UPON AS VIN MARIANI."

CAMPANINI.

Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, PARIS: 41 Bd. HAUSMANN. LONDON: 239 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK. Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package.

Beeman Chemical Co. 27 Lake St., Cleveland, O.

Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

BARBER'S itch is a torturing disease, and it lasts a long time unless prompt measures are taken. See JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 2d Street, New York. 132 Page Beauty Book for 2-cent stamp.



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WHY HE SMILED.

JACK BACHELER.—I don't see anything to smile at about that joke.  
TOM SCRIBBLER (gaily).—You don't, eh? Why, the editor just took it!

## "DE DIFFAH'NCE 'EEN ISAACS."



WISHES TO call to yo' min', my bredderen," quoth Deacon Darkley, "de diffah'nce ob de Abrahams, en de Isaacs ob de Bible, en de Abrahams, en de Isaacs, ob de presen' day. De Bible say dat Abraham haddah son Isaac w'en he was er ole man — en es de Bible say so, we is boun' ter b'lieve it, wheddah we b'lieve it er not! case it ain' do ter fool wif de Bible, no how!

[ "Wha' yo' grinnin' at down dar, yo' niggah on de back row? Ain' yo' Mammy show yo' no bettah mannahs, dan ter laff at de Preachuh ob de Lawd? ]

"Es I was er sayin', bredderen, de Bible say dah Abraham haddah son Isaac w'en he ain' speck ter have him, en dat bein' de case, Abraham haddah bettah chance ter raise Isaac like he oughtah bin raise. De Bible talk 'ticklahly ob Isaac minen' he Pa, en wattah good piccininny he bin.

"Now, God'dun t'ink a lot ob Abraham — in fac', He pay Abraham sebberal wisits in pusson, en as Abraham hab sich er chance ter study de Lawd's cha'actah, he bin t'ink er lot ob de Lawd, too.

"Seem lak de Lawd 'gin tar t'ink he oughtah try Abraham er li'l' bit. En as de Lawd was er sitten' one day, pullin' he whiskahs, case He ain' got no 'ticklah job on he min'; seem lak He *boddah* 'bout Abraham. 'Reckon I try dah fellah some,' says God, en He holler down ter Abraham.

" 'Yo', Abraham! ' En Abraham holler back 'Yessuh!'

" 'Yo', Abraham, ain' I bin lak er Pa to yo'? ' En Abraham say he speck God hab.

" 'Well, den, yo' Abraham, it am yo' tu'n to do somefin' foh me. Yes, yo' put on yo' hat, en go up een de mountain, en mek a bu'nt offahin ob dah fellah Isaac to me.'

"Po' ole Abraham h'ar riz up on he haid, en he eye bulge out, en he try for argufy, en back outen de bizness, but God ain' bin in no humor to lef him back outen it. En he holler 'gen. Yo', Abraham! Ain' I tole you to tek de boy uppen de mountain? Now yo' tek him! Yo' hea Me! '

"En Abraham git on he mettle, en call Isaac en put on he Sunday britches, en he bes' tie en car'y 'em up een de Mountain — en Isaac lef him do um!

"But w'en Abraham stah't een to buil' de fiah, God see he mean to do lak he bin tole, en dah satefy him, en he holler at Abraham foh quit!

"Now, yo' is all know de sto'ey es I tole yo'. I on'y wishes to call to yo' min', de diffah'nce of de Abrahams, en de Isaacs ob dis yer time.

"I is named Abraham, en I is got tah son Isaac. But does yo' t'ink dah dis yere Abraham Isaac lef he Pa tek en mek a barbecue ob he, eben ef de Lawd tell um? No, sah! Dis yere Abraham Isaac would hollah foh de p'leece, en ef he t'ink dey ain' get dar quick 'nuff, he do up he ole Pa wif he razzah!

"De times is changed, en de Abrahams en de Isaacs is changed wid um!

"I is sorry to say dat dar ain' one Abraham I knows wha' would tote he Isaac up, en staht een to make a pot-pie outen him!

"En I is sorriah to add dat dar ain' one Isaac I knows, neifiah, dat would lef he Pa do um!

"Wha' is de Isaac dat de Bible talk 'bout? Dar ain no moah ob him! Do de Isaacs ob to-day go up een de Mountain to do de Lawd's bidden? No, sah! Dey goes to jail ensted, en po' ole Abraham haster run roun' en borry some money to bail um outen it!



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## MEN OF EXPERIENCE.

FIRST TRAMP.—I don't allus give up when a woman says "no."

SECOND TRAMP.—Not much! I've knowed cases where a woman's "no" meant corn' beef an' cabbage.

"De Isaacs ob de presen' genahashun is too busy spohtin', to min God en dey Pa.

"Dey war yallah shoe, en outlendesh britches, en rakes dar wool up on dey haid, like it grow scare ob dey skulls, en dey collahs is so high dey hab warts on de eahs.

"De Isaacs ob de presen' genahashun ain' got much to do wif God, en I is bountah say dat I is got moah respeck foh God, 'case He ain' mix in wid sich er triflin' lot ob niggahs.

"De Isaacs is gottah run roun' with fool gals, staad ob God en dey Pa!

"I wan's tah say, een finishin' dese remahks, dat it seems tah me dah de debbil is a bettah fren' to de Isaacs dan God!

"En I t'inks dat if de Abrahams wan' some mo' Isaacs willin' to lef um tote um up een de mountains, dah de Abrahams will lam de debbil outen de Isaacs, en may be den dey 'll be moah lik de Bible Isaac.

"De congregashun will now sing, 'Is I a soldshah ob de Cross,' — en I mus' reques' dat yo' will put er li'l' mo' een de plate dan yo' did las' Sunday."

Tom Lais Newton.

## THE AGES OF MAN.



This is little Buster,  
Who's waitin' till he grows  
To be as big as Billy,  
And wear such "bully clo's."



And this is little Billy,  
With a longing in the head  
For trousers made as long as  
He sees on brother Ned.



And this is brother Edward,  
Who'll be entirely glad  
When he wears a coat with tails on  
And looks just like his dad.



And this is Dad, dear reader,  
Going forth to work and dig,  
In order that the children may  
Be happy when they're big.

#### NO TIME FOR SPORT.

EDITOR.—Where's the sporting editor?

ASSISTANT EDITOR.—Out sporting, as usual.

EDITOR.—If that's the case we'll fire him for not attending to his business.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

#### ARION SOCIETY.

Grand Masquerade Ball,

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Thursday, February 11, 1897.

Tickets \$10. for lady and gentleman, extra ladies' tickets \$5. may be obtained at Arion Hall, 59th St and Park Ave.; Ogden & Katzenmayer, 83 Liberty St., Wm. Barthman, 174 B'way; Gotthelf Falck, S. E. cor. Bowery and Grand St.; Peter Wiederer, 521 B'way; Schmer & Co., 149-155 E. 14th St.; Steinway Hall, E. 14th St.; Charles W. Schumann's Sons, 937 B'way; Lurh Piano Co., 337 4th Ave., cor. 25th St., W. A. Pond & Co., 154 5th Ave., Hanit Bros., cor. 58th St and Madison Ave.; Constantin Licius, 841 6th Ave.; F. A. Rockar, 129 E. 125th St.

This Year's Ticket Has No Coupon.

A limited number of boxes and reserved seats can be had at Arion Hall, 59th St and Park Ave.

#### BARKEEPERS FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant durable lustre, never spoils, guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfrs., Indianapolis, Ind.

REV. PASTOR.—Mrs. Wakeley tells me they have a great deal of trouble in getting their baby to sleep.

MRS. TEMPLE.—I suppose it is too young to take to church?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

**DYSPEPSIA**, INDIGESTION, HEART-BURN, and all Stomach Troubles relieved and cured in short order by FLORAPLEXION. Sample bottle free by mail. Every drop is worth its weight in gold when you need it. Address Franklin Hart, 92 John St., New York.

#### HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

81, 83, 85 & 87 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK. BRANCH WAREHOUSE, 20 Beekman St.

All kinds of Paper made to order.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. 25 CTS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

**CANDY** Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

IT WAS HANGING DOWN HER BACK.

TOM.—Is Maud's hair golden?

TED.—No; it's plaited.—*Yale Record*.

**MUSICAL GLASSES** consisting of 20 sweet-toned Glasses. Chromatic scale from G to G; playing by rubbing the hands over the edge of the glasses; tuned with water. Sold for \$6.00. References, Photographs and all information sent on receipt of 10 cents. A. BRAUNER, Saratoga, N. Y.

#### A JOYOUS BALLAD OF CLUB COCKTAILS.

TELL ME where, in what land of shade, Dwells young Bacchus, the god of wine, Let him hearken and heed to this song I've made In praise of his Club Cocktails divine. Smooth as velvet and ready-made; Nectar ambrosial, all ready-made; To tell of their taste, ah! language fails— Tho' I try my best in these songs of mine, I can't do justice to Club Cocktails!

Where is the liquor that can compete With them for aroma and mellow blend? Clear as to color and dry or sweet; To the connoisseur's taste complete— A proper bump to pledge a friend, A health at parting or a toast to greet. A drink for all seasons, but what avails? Though I sung their praises until the end, I can't do justice to Club Cocktails!

ENVOI.

Prince, it is true. But still allow— Tho' to tell their virtues thy poet fails— Yet, had he a bottle open now He could do justice to Club Cocktails!

François Villon, Jr.

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.

#### THE CLUB= COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions the one which is aged must be the better.

Try our YORK Cocktail made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.

For Sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S.

#### AVOID IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props., 39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.



#### BY THE BOARDERS.

"Oh, dear!" groaned the hired girl, as she washed off the boarding-house stairs; "I'm awfully tired."

"Yes," sympathized the stairs, in a creaky voice; "it's a hard Spring. I'm a good deal run down, myself."—*Rockland Tribune*.

#### WINTON BICYCLES

"THE WINTON IS A WINNER."

The price of Winton Bicycles is \$100 each. The quality corresponds to the price. Catalogue P tells why.

THE WINTON BICYCLE CO., 136 Perkins Ave., Cleveland, O. N. Y. office, 123 Chambers Street.

WANTED—AN IDEA. Write John Wadderburn & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,000 prize.

My Patent Covers for Filing PUCK are

#### SIMPLE, STRONG, and EASILY

used. They preserve the copies in perfect shape. If PUCK is worth buying, it is worth preserving. Price, 75 cents each; by mail, \$1.00. U. S. Postage Stamps taken.

Address: H. WIMMEL, 39 East Houston St., N. Y.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help to cure all else failing, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hirsch Co., 858 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs FREE

Blair's Pills  
Great English Remedy for GOUT and RHEUMATISM. SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE. Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.

#### MONITOR AND MOGUL

MARINE GAS ENGINES.  
LAUNCHES.  
NO INSPECTION, BOILER, FIRE, HEAT, SMOKE OR ODOR. MONITOR VAPOR ENGINE AND POWER COMPANY GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Arnold  
Constable & Co.  
LINENS.

#### HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

JOHN S. BROWN & SON'S  
Round and Square

#### DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS.

Extra sizes, with Napkins to match.

"RICHARDSON'S"  
Queen Charlotte Pillow Linens.  
Broadway & 19th St.

#### NEW YORK.

SHE.—What makes you think the editor is a nice man; does he publish any of your poetry?

HE.—No; but he calls me a poet.—Adams Freeman.

Cook's Extra Dry beats 'em all. Cook's Imperial has a perfect bouquet. Cook's Champagne is strictly pure.

NOTHING pleases a man so much as to be coaxed to do a thing he wants to do, anyway.—*Atchison Globe*.

It is a shame to deceive the American public with cheap spurious imitations. Insist on having Dr. Sieger's Angostura Bitters, the only genuine.

**SEN-SEN** THROAT EASE AND BREATH PERFUME. Good for Young and Old. SEN-SEN CO., DEPT. A, ROCHESTER, N.Y.



#### THE MODERN IDEA.

"Why did Simpson send his boy to the prize-ring?"

"Well, he always displayed a love for argument, and the old man considers the field of law over-crowded."—*Princeton Tiger*.

SMITHERS.—Say, Jaggs, are you taking anything for your cold?

JAGGS.—Well—er, — I don't care if I do.—*Adams Freeman*.

**H. C. CURTIS & CO'S**  
**Harper** TRADE MARK = 23  
INCHES HIGH  
25¢  
FACTORIES TROY, N.Y.

THE young man who is anxious to lay the world at the feet of the girl he adores, three months after he marries her is n't willing even to lay the carpet.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"WELL, Teddy, have you been a good boy to-day?" asked his mother upon her return home late in the afternoon.

"No, Ma'am; not a very bad boy and not a very good boy—just comfortable!"

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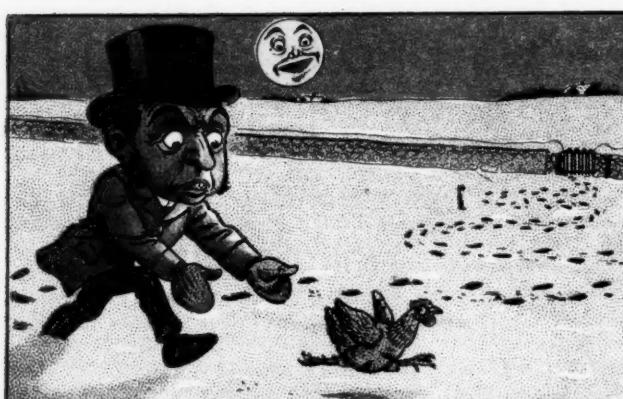
ONE reason why the world gains knowledge so slowly, is that every child must find out for itself that fire is hot.—*Ram's Horn*.



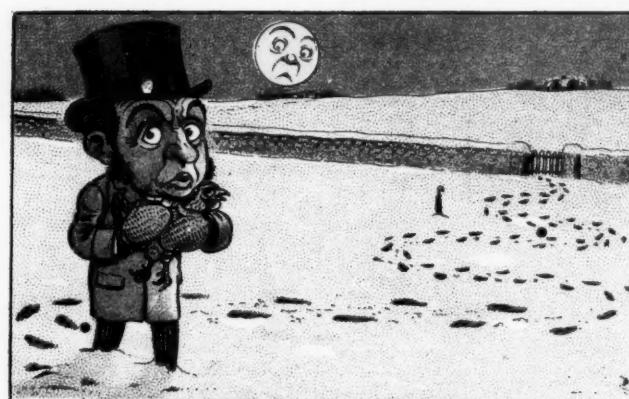
SUBBUBS (returning to his suburban home, at 11 P. M., from his office in the city).—Goodness me! Here's one of my most valuable hens out here in the snow at this time of night.



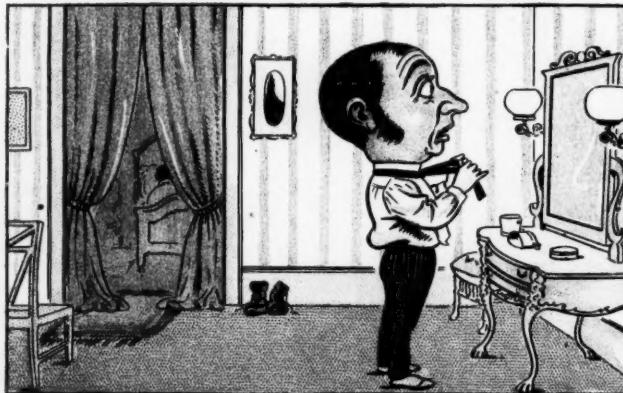
SUBBUBS.—I'll have to drive her to the hen-house! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!



SUBBUBS.—Well, if she is n't leading me a regular serpentine dance!



SUBBUBS.—Ah! at last! Now for the hen-house, my lady! Everything is dark in the house; I guess my wife got tired of waiting for me and went to bed.



SUBBUBS.—By Jingo! I am tired! This working down at the office until near midnight is no fun, I tell you. I'll get quietly into bed, so as not to wake my wife.



SUBBUBS (arising the next morning, finds his wife in tears).—What is the matter, dear?

MRS. SUBBUBS (angrily).—Don't call me dear! You deceiving winebibber. You will fill a drunkard's grave; that is what you will do! Tell me you never touch a drop! Oh! you can't deceive me!



MR. SUBBUBS.—Why, my dear, I don't understand you! Are you crazy?

MRS. SUBBUBS.—Crazy, am I? I'll show you how crazy I am! You can't fool me! Get up and dress, if you are able after your debauch, and I'll prove what I say. I will!



MRS. SUBBUBS.—I was asleep when you came home last night; you walked in quietly and thought I would never know that you came home so intoxicated that you could n't walk straight. But murder will out; mind me, murder will out! Just look out that window and see your footprints in the snow, and dare deny what I say!